"S'Matter, Pop?"

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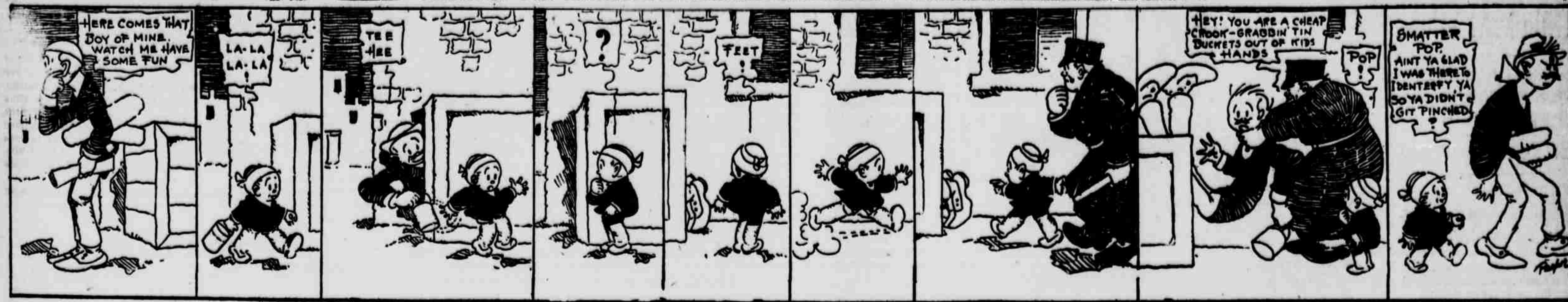
By C. M. Payne



The New Plays

Winter Garden Gives Too Much For the Money.

BY CHARLES DARNTON.

WHEN you get home late at night and your wife asks you where you've been, say "The Winter Garden." (Needless to add, the same formula may serve as sauce for the goose.)

It is more than likely, however, that the new show, now that it is started, will soon be running on a shorter schedule. The Winter Garden is nothing if not generous. Last night it insisted upon giving us so much that it was ten minutes after 12 before we could shake the programme off our laps. Undoubtedly cuts will, and should, be made. Without mentioning the names of Al. Jolson, Barney Bernard, Lawrance D'Orsay, Blossom Seeley and the French pantomimists who obey the commands of Mme. Imperia, it may gently be hinted that the axe already has a great deal of work cut out for it. But it takes time, of course, to get a huge entertainment of this sort into shape.

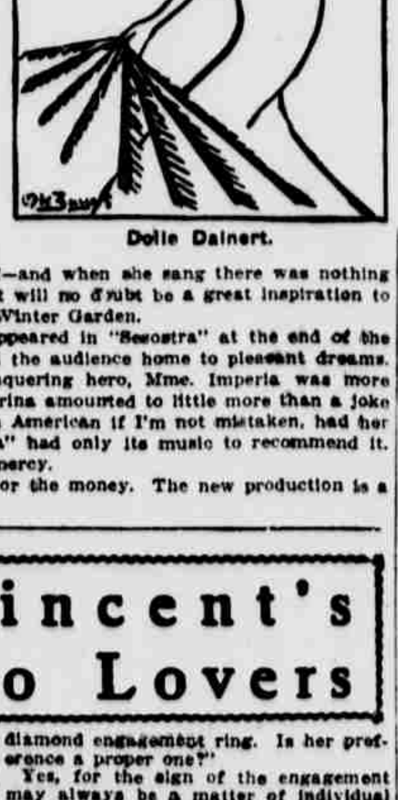
The Winter Garden blossomed out with its spring show in such a way as to call for words of praise even from those wordless actors of "Sumurun" at the Casino. Over a long bridge above the heads of the audience came the performers whose names figure prominently on the Shubert salary list, and with them the modest chorus girls whose faces, together with certain silk stockinged possessions, represent their fortunes. Under the pleasing circumstances it was only human to look up and take notice, since neither "Sumurun" nor home was ever like this. There was novelty, as well as music, in the air. The novelty might have been even greater, if, in view of the "minstrel first part" that followed, a wider bridge had permitted the company to give an old-time minstrel parade to the stage. But it proved interesting along "Sumurun" lines, with a prologue very well sung by Ernest Hare.

Mlle. Faurens.

Like everything else, however, the prologue was too long. "My Sumurun Girl" was eagerly recognized as a good song for the grand march. To illustrate it, Miss Stella Mayhew showed her round, good-natured face at the window sacred to the leading lady of the harem, while the ubiquitous Jolson, in white face for a change, lifted up his bold, brave voice to join her in ragtime meditations.

So far, so good! The minstrel show setting, with tier upon tier of the best-looking girls ever seen at the Winter Garden, was even better. The worst of it was that the Courtenay Sisters sang the old songs that should long ago have been laid to rest under the chestnut tree at Broadway and Fiftieth street, while Mr. Jolson indulged in stunts that seemed strangely familiar. He made the most of his time, but he took up far too much of ours. We would gladly have given him that $12 he owed Interlocutor Billee Taylor to be spared his frantic efforts on the bridge to get the money. A little of him goes a long way. The fact that he is funny should not lead him to believe he is the whole show. There was no getting away from him last night. Long as the programme proved, the villain still pursued us up to and beyond the eleventh hour, when his swan song came apparently from reluctant lips.

Miss Mayhew caught the ear of the house completely with "Blow on Your Piccolo." In "Toddling the Todolo," Miss Blossom Seeley got along with very little voice, reminding us that it's an ill March wind that blows nobody good. Later on she broke out on the bridge and in the aisles with "How Do You Do, Miss Ragtime?" The unkind truth is she didn't do very well. Miss Kathleen Clifford and George White gave a new kick to an old dance very cleverly, and a ragtime sextette brought our old friend "Lucia" up to date.



Dolle Dainert.

The second part of the programme, "Whirl of Society," was vulgar without being funny in spite of Miss Mayhew's desperate efforts to make it amusing. Lawrance D'Orsay stalked through it dismally. Miss Jobyna Howland returned to the stage in all her Junoesque beauty to do nothing but stand around; Melville Ellis, at the piano, knocked the spots off "Butterfly" and toyed with less operatic airs; and Martin Brown and Miss Jose Collins appeared in a dim but favorable light as they danced the "Cinderella Waltz." This dizzy "Whirl of Society" was chiefly interesting for bringing out a beautiful blonde from France, Mlle. Dolle Dainert. It could be seen at a glance that Dolle had something on her chest—her gown made no attempt to hide this fact!—and when she sang there was nothing to fear. Her voice added to charms that will no doubt be a great inspiration to spring poets who find their way to the Winter Garden.

But the French pantomimists who appeared in "Sesostra" at the end of the long evening were not calculated to send the audience home to pleasant dreams. As the empress who stabbed the unconquering hero, Mme. Imperia was more mighty than fascinating, while Mons. Farina amounted to little more than a joke as a barbarian. Lucy Gerard, who is an American if I'm not mistaken, had her good points as the slave. But "Sesostra" had only its music to recommend it. The knife should be used here without mercy.

The Winter Garden gives too much for the money. The new production is a great big show—but it's too big.

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers

A Question of Etiquette.

"H. G." writes: "I am giving a party to my sister who is older than I. Which of us should introduce the company?"

You, since you are playing hostess.

"M. A." writes: "My fiancee prefers a gold bangle with a heart lock to a diamond engagement ring. Is her preference a proper one?"

Yes, for the sign of the engagement may always be a matter of individual choice.

"A. J." writes: "I quarrelled with the young man I love. It was my fault. Shall I apologize?"

Yes, indeed. The sooner the better.

"Judge Your Wife by Your Mother-in-Law"

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

WHAT sort of woman should a man marry?

In one of Hans Anderson's fairy tales a certain royal prince devises a difficult test for his future wife. She must be so sensitive, he ordains, that the presence of a small, round, green pea, though hidden under twenty mattresses, will keep her from rest.

I think an even more stringent trial for a prospective wife has been devised by Katharine Norris, the author of that much-talked-of little book, "Mother." For, says Mrs. Norris:

"Let a young man judge the woman he wishes to marry by his mother-in-law!

"Truly," she continued, "I think that the average young man gives much less attention than he should to the mother of the girl in whom he's interested. Here are some of the questions he should ask himself: Does this mother make her husband happy? Does she understand about the management of a house, and has she taught what she knows to her daughter?

"Are her relations with her daughter unselfish and affectionate on both sides? Is the mother neat and attractive in appearance, or is she a worn-out drudge? Does she occupy a dignified and respected place in the household, or are her opinions timidly proffered and lightly set aside?

"A man who stops to ask and answer these questions will find that he looks at the girl he loves from a new viewpoint. It may be higher or lower than the old one. That depends on the way the questions are answered.

MRS KATHERINE NORRIS.

"When a man chooses his wife he should remember that he is choosing not merely a companion and friend, but the woman who will be the mother of his children. And if he wants to know how she will fill that role he should watch her in her relations with her own mother and with her small brothers and sisters. If she hasn't any, let him note how she treats the neighbor's children.

"To me motherhood is the most important thing in the world," added Mrs. Norris frankly. "I don't at all understand how people can ignore it or treat it as they often do. Then why should not a girl's fitness for matrimony depend upon her latent motherliness?

"There is a type of mother who does all the work herself, and thus makes her little girl a selfish, helpless scatterbrain. This type of mother acts from the best of motives. She herself was probably overworked in her youth, and she has resolved that her daughter shall make up for it by being a lily who toils not, nor spins. So by her very unselfishness she lays up all sorts of trouble for her daughter and her daughter's future husband.

"That is the sort of mother-in-law to avoid. The other kind—the right kind—is the one who not only bears many children, but brings them up with a wise as well as a tender affection. This mother sometimes has the new dress, instead of giving it to her daughter, not so much for her own sake as for the girl's. She sometimes goes to the church social and leaves daughter at home with the sleeping babies. And she sees to it that daughter takes a gradually increasing share in the household duties, not primarily because of the help she gives, but because of what she receives.

"To use a very simple illustration, there is the mother who sends her little girl out of the kitchen because 'it takes longer to teach her than it does to do it myself.' That is the wrong kind. There is also the mother who lets her daughter wipe a few silver spoons to 'help mother,' even if the work has to be done over again after the little one. When that girl grows up she will bring happiness to some man."

"And what else does a girl need, beside a good mother, to turn her into the right sort of wife?" I inquired.

"I hope my son, when he grows up, will marry a girl from a small country town," replied Mrs. Norris.

"The girl in the small town usually leads a much more normal and healthful life than the girl in New York. You can tell the difference just by looking in their faces. I have a great pity for the girl in the large city who is not a worker.

"Only the other day I was shocked and surprised to find that a little girl of my acquaintance, who is ten years old, didn't know what ironing day was! Of course, the child wasn't to blame. She had always lived in a big apartment hotel here, her family sent the laundry out, and there was no reason why she should have obtained that bit of homely information. It was not likely to come into her unnatural life.

"That is the trouble with life in a large city—it is unnatural for a girl. She doesn't need the theatres and concerts and clothes and clubs, all the thousand and one forms of extraneous excitement. When she is fifty a club will be a good thing to stir her up, just as it's a good thing for a middle-aged man. But it's not necessary for either girl or boy.

"In a small town a girl's life is essentially wholesome. She generally goes to bed early, and it's not a penance, for she has no hundred glittering theatres to dream about. She need suffer from no social heart-burnings. All the people she knows have about the same income and entertain in the same simple way. She helps decorate the church at Christmas, and maybe takes a class in Sunday-school, and goes to the socials with a delightful sense of dissipation. And in the meanwhile she is working and studying and growing.

"In a word, she's just the normal girl. I think she is the sort of young woman with whom the average man is happiest."

Babbling Bess

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By Harry Palmer

"ME—SMITH"

Biggest Cowboy Story Since "The Virginian"

By Caroline Lockhart

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Smith, a Western bad man, has murdered White Antelope, a "friendly" Indian, and, after the crime, stops at a ranch boarding-house kept by an Indian squaw, widow of a Scotch frontiersman. Among the guests are a scientist named McArthur, a pretty school teacher, Dora Marshall, and Ralston, a deputy sheriff. The squaw falls in love with Smith, to the disgust of her half-breed daughter, Susie, who hates him. Smith, while pretending to return the squaw's affection, secretly loves Dora. Ralston is also in love with Dora. He is stopping at the ranch in the hope of catching cattle thieves. Between him and Smith springs up an open hatred. This is intensified on Ralston's part when he sees Smith kiss Dora's hand. He thinks Dora cares for Smith, whereas she is merely trying to reform the "bad man." Ralston therefore avoids her, and she is too proud to ask why. Dora's pony runs away. Smith and Ralston race to catch the runaway. Ralston wins the race. Smith vows to get even. He is all the more resolved to win Dora.

CHAPTER XII.

(Continued.)

Smith Gets "Hunk."

DORA found him a dense and disagreeable pupil, and one who seemingly had forgotten everything he had learned during previous lessons. His replies at times were so curt as to be uncivil, and a feeling of indignation rose within her. She was at a loss to understand his mood, unless it was due to the result of the morning's race; yet she could scarcely believe that his disappointment, perhaps chagrin, could account for his rudeness to her.

When the useless lesson was finished, she closed the book and asked:

"You are not yourself to-night. What is wrong?"

With an expression upon his face which both startled and shocked her he snarled:

"I'm sick of seein' that lady killer hangin' around here!"

"You mean"——

"Ralston!"

Dora had never looked at Smith as she looked at him now.

"I beg to be excused from your criticisms of Mr. Ralston."

Smith had not dreamed that the gentle, girlish voice could take on such a quality. It cut him, stung him, until he felt hot and cold by turns.

"Oh, I didn't know he was such a friend," he sneered.

"Yes"—her eyes did not quail before the look that flamed in his—"he is just such a friend!"

They had risen; and Smith, looking at her as she stood erect, her head high in defiance, could have choked her in his jealous rage.

He stumbled rather than walked toward the door.

"Good night," he said in a strained, throaty voice.

"Good night."

She stared at the door as it closed behind him. She had something of the feeling of one who, making a pet of a tiger, feels its claws for the first time, sees the first indication of its ferocious nature. This new phase of Smith's character, while it angered, also filled her with uneasiness.

It was later than usual when Smith came in to say a word to the Indian woman, after Dora and Susie had retired. He did not bring with him the fumes of tobacco, the smoke of which rose in clouds in the bunk-house, making it all but impossible to see the length of the building; he brought, rather, an odor of freshness, a feeling of coolness, as though he had been long in the night air.

The Indian woman sniffed imperceptibly.

"Where you been?"

His look was evil as he answered:

"Me? I've been payin' my debts, me—Smith."

He took her impassive hand in both of his and pressed it against his heart.

"Prairie Flower," he said, "I want you to tell Ralston to go. I hate him."

The woman looked at him, but did not answer.

"Will you?"

"Yes, I tell him."

"When?"

She raised her narrowing eyes to his.

"When you tell de white woman to go."

Ralston had felt that the old Colonel was growing impatient with his seeming inactivity, so he decided the next morning to ride to the Bar C and tell him that he believed he had a clue. It would not be necessary to keep Running Rabbit under close surveillance until the beef in the meat-house was getting low. Then the deputy sheriff meant not to let him out of his sight.

Smith had not spoken to the man whom he had come to regard as his rival since he had ridden away from him the morning before. He had ignored Ralston's conversation at the table and avoided him in the bunk-house. Now, engaged in trimming his horse's fetlocks, Smith did not look up as the other man passed, but his eyes followed him with a triumphant gleam as he went into the stable to saddle Molly.

Ralston backed the mare to turn her in the stall, and she all but fell down. He felt a little surprise at her clumsiness, but did not grasp its meaning until he led her to the door, where she stepped painfully over the low door-sill and all but fell again. He led her a step or two further, and she went almost to her knees. The mare was lame in every leg—she could barely stand; yet there was not a mark on her—not ever so slight a bruise! Her slender legs were as free from swellings as when they had carried her past Smith's gray; her feet looked to be in perfect condition; yet, save for the fact that she could stand up, she was as crippled as if the bones of every leg were shattered.

It is doubtful if any but steel-colored eyes can take on the look which Ralston's contained as they met Smith's. His skin was gray as he straightened himself and drew a hand which shook noticeably the length of his cheek and across his mouth.

In great anger, anger which precedes some quick and desperate act, almost every person has some gesture peculiar to himself, and this was Ralston's.

A less guilty man than Smith might have flinched at that moment. The half-grin on his face faded, and he waited for a torrent of accusations and oaths. But Ralston, in a voice so low that it barely reached him, a voice so ominous, so fraught with meaning, that the dullest could not have misunderstood, said:

"I'll borrow your horse, Smith."

Smith, like one hypnotized, heard himself saying:

"Sure! Take him."

Ralston knew as well as though he had witnessed the act that Smith had hammered the frogs of Molly's feet until they were bruised and sore as boils. Her lameness would not be permanent—she would recover in a week or two; but the abuse of, the cruelty to the little mare he loved filled Ralston with a hatred for Smith as relentless and deep as Smith's own.

"A man who could do a thing like that," said Ralston through his set teeth, "is no common cur! He's wolf—all wolf! He isn't staying here for love alone. There's something else. And I swear before the God that made me I'll find out what it is and land him before I quit!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Susie's Indian Blood.

COMING leisurely up the path from the corrals, Smith saw Susie sitting on the cottonwood log, wrapped in her mother's blanket.

She was huddled in a squaw's attitude. He eyed her; he never had seen her like that before. But, knowing Indians better, possibly, than he knew his own race, Smith understood. He recognized the mood. Her Indian blood was uppermost. It rose in most half-breeds upon occasion. Sometimes under the influence of liquor it cropped out, sometimes anger brought it to the surface. He had seen it often—this heavy, smouldering sullenness.

Smith stood with his hands in his pockets, looking at her. He felt more at ease with her than ever before.

"What are you sulkin' about, Susie?"

She did not answer; her pertness, her Anglo-Saxon vivacity, were gone; her face was wooden, expressionless; her restless eyes slow moving and dull; her cheekbones, always noticeably high, looked higher, and her skin was murky and dark.

"You look like a squaw with that sulk on," he ventured again, and there was satisfaction in his face.

It was something to know that, after all, Susie was "Injun"—"pure Injun." The scheme which had lain dormant in his brain now took active shape. He had wanted Susie's help, but each time that he had tried to conciliate her his overtures had ended in a fresh rupture. Now her stinging tongue was dumb, and there was no aggressiveness in her manner.

Smith, laying his hand heavily upon her shoulder, sat down beside her, and a flash, a transitory gleam, shone for an instant in her dull eyes; but she did not move or change expression.

He said in a low voice:

"What you need is stirrin' up, Susie."

He watched her narrowly, and continued:

"You ought to get into a game that has some ginger in it. This here life is too tame for a girl like you."

Without looking at him she asked:

"What kind of a game?" Her voice was lifeless, guttural.

"It's agin my principles to empty my sack to a woman; but you're diff'rent—you're game—you are, Susie." His voice dropped to a whisper, and the weight of his hand made her shoulder sag. "Let's you and me rustle a bunch of horses."

Susie did not betray surprise at the startling proposition by so much as the twitching of an eyelid.

"What for?"

Smith replied:

"Just for the hell of it!"

She grunted, but neither in assent nor dissent; so Smith went on in eager, persuasive whisper:

"There's Injun enough in you, girl, to make horse stealin' all the same as breathin'. You jump in with me on this deal and see how easy you lose that sulk. Don't you ever have a feelin' take holt of you that you want to do something onery—steal something, mix with somebody? I do. I've had the notorious feelin' workin' on me strong for days now, and I've got to get rid of it. If you'll come in on this we'll have the excitement and make a [illegible] up, girl—show your sand. [illegible]

(To Be Continued.)

Some Good Stories of the Day

The Answer.

"WHICH is the greater statesman—Mr. Asquith or Mr. Balfour—and why?" This was question No. 8 on Smithson's

examination paper, and Smithson was weak on political questions. Which is the greater statesman? Should he toss up? Should he take the names in alphabetical order? Should he—— Ah, an idea; Smithson's brow cleared and, seizing his pen, he wrote:

"If we consider carefully who Asquith and Balfour are, if we look thoughtfully at what they have done and ask ourselves which is the greater statesman, we must unhesitatingly answer in the affirmative."—Tit-Bits.

In and Out.

ONE of the admirers of Senator Cummins said at a banquet in Des Moines:

"I'll never forget the sparkle of Cummins's repartee all through his first campaign for the Governorship. One evening, I remember, he was interrupted in the midst of a strong peroration by a yell:

"Hey, does your mother know you're out?"

Cummins smiled and nodded at the heckler.

"'Yes, and as soon as the returns are counted,' he said, 'she'll know I'm in.'"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Too Talkative.

IT was a beautiful evening, and Ole, who had screwed up courage to take Mary for a ride, was carried away by the magic of the night.

"Mary," he asked, "will you marry me?"

"Yes, Ole," she answered softly.

Ole lapsed into a silence that at last became painful to his fiancee.

"Ole," she said desperately, "why don't you say something?"

"Ay tank," Ole replied, "ther [illegible] too much said already."—Success Magazine.

Perpetual Worth

"WHY was it you never married again, Aunt Sallie?" inquired Mrs. McClane of an old colored woman in West Virginia.

"'Deed, Miss Ellie," replied the old woman earnestly, "dat daid nigger's wuth mo' to me dan a live one. I gits a pension."—Lippincott's.

Extreme Politeness.

THE politest intimation ever addressed was probably that of the governor of the Bombay jail to the man about to be hanged.

The execution was fixed for 1 P. M., and the governor was to sail for England on leave two hours later. But the time for the boat's sailing was changed from 3 P. M. to midday. The governor was equal to the occasion. He addressed an official communication to the convict as follows:

"The governor presents his compliments to Mr. X and desires to know whether it would suit his convenience equally well to be hanged at 10 A. M. instead of 1 P. M."—London Chronicle.